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In one of the most controversial books of the year, withheld from publication since 1939, SIGMUND

FREUD

and former Ambassador WILLIAM C. BULLITT

paint a sharply critical picture of a widely idealized U. S. President, THOMAS WOODROW

WIL SON

Continued

Even before publication, this book has become a center of dispute among psychiatrists, historians and Wilson scholars. LOOK asked a foreign-affairs expert who knew Wilson well and was with him at Versailles to evaluate the Freud-Bullitt book. His opinions appear on page 50.

SIGMUND FREUD AND I had been friends for some years before we decided to collaborate in writing this volume," William C. Bullitt says in his Foreword to *Thomas Woodrow Wilson: Twenty-eighth President of the United States—a Psychological Study*. "He was in Berlin for a small operation. I called on him and found him depressed. Somberly, he said that he had not long to live and that his death would be unimportant to him or anyone else, because he had written everything he wished to write and his mind was emptied.

"He asked what I was doing, and I told him I was working on a book about the Treaty of Versailles that would contain studies of Clemenceau, Orlando, Lloyd George, Lenin and Woodrow Wilson—all of whom I happened to know personally.

"Freud's eyes brightened, and he became very much alive. He astonished me by saying he would like to collaborate with me in writing the Wilson chapter. I laughed and remarked that the idea was delightful but bizarre. My book would interest specialists in the field of foreign affairs. A study of Wilson by him might possess the permanent interest of an analysis of Plato by Aristotle. Every educated man would wish to read it. To bury Freud on Wilson in a chapter of my book would be to produce an impossible monstrosity; the part would be greater than the whole.

"Freud persisted, saying that I might consider his proposal comic, but it was intended to be serious. To collaborate with me would compel him to start writing again. That would give him new life. Moreover, he was dissatisfied by his studies of Leonardo da Vinci and of the Moses statue by Michelangelo because he had been obliged to draw large conclusions from few facts, and he had long wished to make a psychological study of a contemporary with regard to whom thousands of facts could be ascertained. He had been interested in Wilson ever since he had discovered that they were both born in 1856. He could not do the research necessary for an analysis of Wilson's character; but I could do it easily, since I had worked with Wilson and knew all his close friends and associates. He hoped I would accept his proposal.

"I replied that I should be delighted to consider it seriously, but felt certain that a psychological study of Wilson could not be compressed into a chapter. To accept would be to abandon my book. Two days later, I again called on Freud, and after a long talk, we agreed to collaborate.

"We started to work on our book at once; but to complete it required about ten years. We read all of Wilson's published books and speeches, and all the volumes concerning Wilson published by Ray Stannard Baker, who had been chosen by the President as his biographer and had access to all of Wilson's private papers. We then read books on Wilson by Col. Edward M. House, Joseph Tumulty, William Allen White, James Kerney, Robert Edward Annin, David Lawrence and many others. In addition, I read scores of volumes that dealt with aspects of Wilson's career, and Freud read all that I considered worthy of his attention.

"Our discussions of this material compelled us to face two facts: First, our study of Wilson would fill a large book; second, it would not be fair to attempt to write an analysis of Wilson's character unless we could deepen our understanding of his nature with private, unpublished information from his intimates.

"I set out to try to collect that information. I was helped by many of my friends among Wilson's associates, some of whom put at our disposal their diaries, letters, records and memoranda, while others talked frankly about him. Thanks to their assistance, we felt confident that, although subsequent publication of private papers would amplify and deepen knowledge of Wilson's character, no new facts would come to light that would conflict vitally with the facts upon which we had based our study. Without exception, those who gave us this information did so on the understanding that their names would not be revealed.

"From these private documents and conversations, I compiled notes that ran to more than 1,500 typewritten pages. When I returned to Vienna, Freud read the notes, and we discussed thoroughly the facts they contained. We then began to write. Freud wrote the first draft of portions of the manuscript, and I wrote the first draft of other portions. Each then criticized, amended or rewrote the other's draft until the whole became an amalgam for which we were both responsible. To burden our book with 1,500 pages of notes seemed outrageous. We decided to eliminate all notes except a few that gave data with regard to Wilson's childhood and

"THOMAS WOODROW WILSON: TWENTY-EIGHTH PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES—A PSYCHOLOGICAL STUDY" BY SIGMUND FREUD AND WILLIAM C. BULLITT. TO BE PUBLISHED BY HOUGHTON MIFFLIN COMPANY.

youth, and seemed essential for readers unfamiliar with the President's roots. Both Freud and I were stubborn, and in the spring of 1932, when our manuscript was ready to be typed in its final form, Freud made textual changes and wrote a number of new passages to which I objected. After several arguments, we decided to forget the book for three weeks, and to attempt then to agree. When we met again, we continued to disagree.

"I suggested that, since neither one of us was entirely impervious to reason, it was likely that someday we would agree; meanwhile, the book should not be published. Both of us, however, should sign each chapter, so that at least a signed unpublishable manuscript would exist. We did so.

"Six years passed. In 1938, the Nazis permitted Freud to leave Vienna. I met him at the railroad station in Paris, where I was then American ambassador, and suggested that we might discuss our book once more after he was settled in London.

"I carried the manuscript to Freud, and was delighted when he agreed to eliminate the additions he had written at the last minute, and we were both happy that we found no difficulty in agreeing on certain changes in the text.

"Once more, I visited him in London and showed him the final text that we had both accepted. We then agreed that it would be courteous to refrain from publishing the book so long as the second Mrs. Woodrow Wilson lived."

The 1,500 pages of notes prepared by Bullitt covered Wilson's life in detail. From the digest that Bullitt prepared for the present volume, the following brief highlights are taken:

"In the manse of the Presbyterian Church of Staunton, Va., on December 28, 1856, a son was born to the Rev. Joseph Ruggles Wilson, and was named Thomas Woodrow Wilson.

"The father was a handsome, vain man who cared more for the expression of a thought than for its substance. He sought unusual words in the dictionary and used sumptuous phrases to give splendor to commonplace ideas.

"In physique, Tommy resembled his mother Jessie Woodrow Wilson. He was thin, sallow and weak, and his eyes were exceptionally deficient. Moreover, in his childhood, he began to suffer from the indigestion that harassed him all his life.

"His passionate love of his father was the core of his emotional life. 'The letters between the two can be called nothing but love letters,' wrote Ray Stannard Baker, who had them all. 'My precious son,' 'My beloved father,' 'Darling boy,' they wrote to each other. They invariably kissed emotionally when they met. The son quoted his father endlessly, and told stories about him until those who were frequently with the son became bored by his accounts of his father's trite sayings and insignificant acts. The minister was the great man of the Presbyterian upper middle class to which the Wilsons belonged. Five times a day, the father prayed to God while his family listened. On Sunday, he stood in the pulpit and laid down the law of God. After the family moved to Augusta, Ga., young Tommy sat in the fourth pew and gazed up into the face of his 'incomparable father' with rapt intensity, his sharp nose and chin poked forward, his weak eyes straining upward through his spectacles. So completely did he take into his heart the teachings of his father that for the remainder of his life, he never allowed himself to entertain religious doubt for an instant.

"The father liked to handle the child physically, to embrace him, to chase him and catch him in a great hug. Early, the father became convinced that his son would be a great man, and he did not conceal this belief from Tommy or from anyone else. In spite of his meager income, he kept his son in absolute economic dependence on him for 29 years. And Tommy was content to be so kept.

"Tommy Wilson never had a fistfight in his life. His mother did her utmost to protect her little boy from rough impacts. 'I remember how I clung to her (a laughed-at "mama's boy") till I was a great big fellow,' he wrote in 1888. He liked to play with well-brought-up girls rather than boys.

"His brother Joseph Ruggles Wilson, Jr., was not born until Tommy was ten years old. He never had much use for that brother, and Joseph revolted against the dominance of his father and his elder brother. When Tommy was President, it was suggested to him by some senators who wished to please him that his brother Joseph should be made secretary to the Senate. The President refused to allow his little brother to have the position.

"At 13, Tommy set foot in school for the first time—and did considerably worse than the average boy. He always did badly in studies unless they were connected with speech. The love of speech showed itself even in his first contact with boys'

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sports. Some boys formed a baseball club called the 'Lightfoot.' Although Tommy played baseball badly, he was elected president. Later, he told William Bayard Hale that 'The Lightfoots held meetings characterized by much nicety of parliamentary procedure. Every one of the little chaps knew perfectly well just what the previous question was and that only two amendments to a resolution could be offered which would be voted upon in reverse order.'

"At 14, Tommy left Augusta for Columbia, S.C., where he made the first of several intense friendships, with a deeply religious young man named Francis J. Brooke. Brooke, who was a few years older than Tommy, held religious meetings in his room and later in a stable. Tommy loved Brooke deeply. When he visited Columbia as President of the United States, he stood before the doorway of the stable and said: 'I feel as though I ought to take off my shoes. This is holy ground.'

"His father and mother expected him to become a Presbyterian minister, but his admiration for the 'Christian Statesman,' British Prime Minister William E. Gladstone, somehow crept between him and the ministry. His concept of a statesman always remained the picture of a minister laying down the law of God to his flock.

"Wilson entered Princeton in 1875, badly prepared, but determined to make himself the leader that his God expected him to be. During his second year there, he happened to read a magazine article entitled *The Orator*, and wrote to his father that he had found at last that he had a mind. He walked in the woods at Princeton and delivered Burke's orations to the trees. During his holidays, he mounted the pulpit of his father's church on weekdays and delivered great orations to an imaginary congregation.

"In 1879, Wilson entered the Law School of the University of Virginia and at once found himself 'most terribly bored by the noble study of law.' He left the university without a degree and crept back to the shelter of his father's manse in Wilmington, N.C., suffering from sick headaches, sour stomach and intense nervousness. He became profoundly discouraged. 'How can a man with a weak body ever arrive anywhere?' he asked. He studied law at home, walked with his father and mother, tutored his little brother Joseph in Latin and was acutely unhappy.

"The only ray of light in his life was his correspondence with his cousin, Harriet Woodrow. When he was 24, he visited her in Chillicothe, Ohio, and proposed marriage. Promptly and decisively, she refused him.

"He was admitted to the bar in 1882, began practicing in Atlanta, Ga., but never had a client. Now 26, he had never lived outside the sheltering walls of a manse, a college or a university. Just before abandoning the law, he met Ellen Louise Axson, daughter of a minister. Her mother was dead, and she was acting as mother to the minister's three small children. Her domestic situation was that of his own mother when his father had asked her to marry him. She somewhat resembled Wilson's much-loved sister Anne. In September, 1883, they became engaged. Then, to learn how to earn a living, he went to study at Johns Hopkins.

"In Ellen Axson, Woodrow Wilson found an emotional security as durable as the love of his mother. 'I am the only one who can rest him,' she once told a friend. She gave him wise advice at the most critical moments of his life and mitigated somewhat the violence of his prejudices and hatreds. '. . . you are the only person in the world —except the dear ones at home—with whom I do *not* have to act a part, to whom I do not have to deal out confidences cautiously; and you are the only person in the world—without any exception —to whom I can tell *all* that my heart contains,' he wrote her while they were engaged.

"At Johns Hopkins, Woodrow Wilson wrote a small book called *Congressional Government*. Washington was about an hour by train from Baltimore, and students of Johns Hopkins often went there to see the Federal Government at work. Wilson produced the impression in his book that he knew the Congress intimately from personal contact; but not once did he go to look at the Congress he was describing. When *Congressional Government* was accepted by the publishers, he was in ecstasy; but within a week, was 'down with the blues.' That also became characteristic. No success satisfied him for more than a moment.

"He wrote to Ellen Axson, 'It isn't pleasant or convenient to have strong passions. . . . I have the uncomfortable feeling that I am carrying a volcano about with me.' All his life, he kept insisting on his 'intensity' and his 'strong passions.' But at the age of 28, he was almost certainly sexually inexperienced. His ugliness obsessed him. Again and again, he recited the limerick:

> For beauty I am not a star
> There are others more handsome by far.
> But my face I don't mind it,
> For I am behind it,
> It's the people in front that I jar.

"He wore a sterilized, disinfected expression, yet he could suddenly confront a person or a camera with a momentary expression of almost lover-like understanding and affection. He always addressed audiences with this turned-on, intimate warmth. He wrote in 1884: 'I have a sense of power in dealing with men collectively which I do not always feel in dealing with them singly. . . . One feels no sacrifice of pride necessary in courting the favor of an assembly of men such as he would have to make in seeking to please one man.' "

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A PSYCHOLOGICAL STUDY OF

THOMAS WOODROW WILSON

BY SIGMUND FREUD AND WILLIAM C. BULLITT

Thomas Woodrow Wilson remains, even to his biographers and intimates, an enigma. We cannot hope to comprehend the decisive events of his psychic life in all their details. All the facts we should like to know could be discovered only if he were alive and would submit to psychoanalysis. This work is a psychological study based upon such material as is now available, nothing more. On the other hand, to the facts we know about him, we shall add the facts that psychoanalysis has found to be true with regard to all human beings.

We shall employ certain theorems that psychoanalysis has developed: In the psychic life of man, a force is active that we call libido—the energy of the Eros. It "charges" certain parts of our psychic apparatus, as an electric current charges a storage battery or accumulator. It is continually fed and renewed by physical generators.

The libido first stores itself in love of self: Narcissism. Normally, a part of the libido is directed toward objects outside the self: object-love.

Our second theorem declares: Every individual, whether man or woman, is composed of elements of masculinity and femininity. We consider feminine those desires characterized by passivity, above all, the need to be loved and the inclination to submit to others. We call masculine those desires characterized by activity, like the desire to love, the wish to achieve power over other men and to control or alter the outer world.

The libido of the child first discharges itself through passive relationships with the mother and father. Then the child wishes to become active toward the parents, to caress them, command them and avenge himself upon them.

Our third axiom: In the psychic life of man two chief instincts are active: the Eros and the Death Instinct—an impulse to attack and destroy.

The libido of the child charges five accumulators: Narcissism, passivity to the mother, passivity to the father, activity toward the mother and activity toward the father. But when the child wishes to express fully his activity toward his mother, he finds his father in the way. He then wishes to sweep his father out of his way, but the charge of libido stored in passivity to his father makes him desire to submit to his father, even to the point of wishing to become a woman, his own mother, whose position with respect to his father he desires to occupy. The child is in the conflict that we call the Oedipus complex.

One method of escape is employed by all males: identification with the father. The boy removes his father by incorporating his father in himself as if by an act of cannibalism. The father with whom the little boy identifies is not the father as he actually is, but a father whose powers and virtues have undergone an extraordinary expansion, whose weaknesses and faults have been denied.

This almighty, omniscient, all-virtuous father of childhood we call the Super-Ego. A Super-Ego whose ideals are grandiose demands the impossible. A Super-Ego of this sort produces a few great men, many psychotics and many neurotics.

When direct satisfaction of the libido is impossible, the Ego employs three mechanisms: Repression, Identification and Sublimation. By repression, the existence of the instinctive desire that demands satisfaction is denied. Identification seeks to satisfy the instinctive desire by transforming the Ego itself into the desired object. Sublimation is the method of giving the instinctive desire a partial satisfaction by substituting for its unattainable object a related object that is not disapproved by the Super-Ego or by the external world.

The man whose passivity to the father can find no direct discharge will often help himself by a double identification. He will identify himself with his father and find a younger man whom he will identify with himself; then he will give the younger man the sort of love that his unsatisfied passivity makes him desire from his father.

Tommy Wilson's aggressive activity toward his father was repressed. Repression is the least effective of all the methods of reconciliation employed by the Ego because the repressed desire is cut off from consciousness and from the moderating influence of reason. Many times during his life, his hostility broke out against father substitutes.

[After retracing Wilson's career as a student, a young lawyer without clients, a university professor, president of Princeton, governor of New Jersey and President of the United States, Dr. Freud and Ambassador Bullitt then study in detail his actions in the months after the defeat of Germany. The following is a condensation of this section of the book.—The Editors.]

When Wilson sent his friend and adviser, Col. Edward M. House, to Paris to handle the Armistice negotiations with the Allies, he assumed that France, England and Italy would make the Armistice on the basis of the Fourteen Points Wilson had proclaimed. Georges Clemenceau, David Lloyd George and the Italian Foreign Minister, Baron Sonnino, appeared to be backing away from their pledge to accept the points, and House threatened that the United States might make a separate peace.

Wilson supported House by cablegram: "I feel it my solemn duty to authorize you to say that I cannot consent to take part in the negotiations of a peace which does not include the Freedom of the Seas, because we are pledged to fight not only Prussian militarism but militarism everywhere. Neither could I participate in a settlement which does not include a League of Nations because such a peace would result within a period of years in there being no guarantee except universal armaments, which would be disastrous. I hope I shall not be obliged to make this decision public."

Thus Wilson began his struggle with the Allies by supporting House's threat and added command

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threat to make his disagreement with the leaders of the Allies. No words permissible in diplomatic negotiations could have shown more clearly his determination to fight for the peace he had promised to the world or the strength of his desire to be the just judge of mankind. His identification with the Trinity was in full control of him.

On November 14, 1918, he cabled House with regard to the Peace Conference: "I assume also that I shall be selected to preside." House replied that since the Peace Conference was to be held in France, diplomatic usage made it necessary that Clemenceau should preside and that it might be unwise for Wilson to sit in the Peace Conference. Wilson cabled on November 16, 1918: "It upsets every plan we had made. I am thrown into complete confusion by the change of programme. . . . I infer the French and British leaders desire to exclude me from the Conference for fear I might there lead the weaker nations against them. . . . I object very strongly to the fact that dignity must prevent our obtaining the results we have set our hearts to. . . ."

To lay down the law of God to the nations offered such a magnificent outlet for all Wilson's deepest desires that the mere suggestion that it might be wiser for him not to participate threw him into "complete confusion." He wished to judge the world in person, in real presence, with undelegated authority, from the throne.

Contemplating the task before him, Wilson said to his secretary: "Well, Tumulty, this trip will either be the greatest success or the supremest tragedy in all history; but I believe in a Divine Providence. If I did not have faith, I should go crazy. If I thought that the direction of the affairs of this disordered world depended upon our finite intelligence, I should not know how to reason my way to sanity; but it is my faith that no body of men, however they concert their power or their influence, can defeat this great world enterprise, which, after all, is the enterprise of Divine mercy, peace and goodwill." He went to Paris as the delegate of God.

In spite of the fact that the Republicans had gained a majority in the Senate at the November, 1918, election and that the treaty he was about to negotiate would require ratification by a two-thirds majority of the Senate, he refused the proposals of the Republicans that he should obtain their cooperation by taking with him two outstanding leaders of the Republican party. As the agent of God, he felt sure of his power to overcome any possible senatorial opposition.

He refused to take with him any personal secretary. His mixed feelings with regard to Joe Tumulty, which had their root in the mingled emotions his baby brother Joe Wilson had aroused, produced this extraordinary phenomenon. He distrusted Tumulty so much that he would not take him to the Peace Conference, but he loved Tumulty so much that he could not bear to hurt Tumulty's feelings by taking another secretary. He set out to remake the world with a personal staff consisting of his physician and two stenographers.

He took also the professors of House's Inquiry, who had read many books but were untrained in international negotiation. To these professors he said: "Tell me what is right, and I'll fight for it; give me a guaranteed position." Beyond this, he did nothing to organize his forces. He had no detailed plan of diplomatic campaign. He had not bothered personally about the organization of the American delegation, and when he discovered on the *George Washington* that the secretary and assistant secretaries of the American delegation, selected by Secretary of State Robert Lansing, were men for whom he had personal contempt, he was furious. On arriving in Paris on December 14, 1918, he said to House that he intended to dismiss these secretaries and select others. House persuaded him not to take this drastic action. Then, in so far as possible, Wilson avoided any contact with Lansing and the secretariat of the American delegation, thus cutting himself off from such assistance as his diplomatic service might have been able to give him.

House urged him to take a personal secretary at once. Wilson refused, saying, "It would break Tumulty's heart." House then offered Wilson the services of his own staff, the head of which was House's son-in-law, whom Wilson disliked. House's secretariat was in the Hotel Crillon; Wilson was in residence in the Murat Palace, half a mile away. The result was that, while Wilson referred many matters to House during the Conference, he never employed House's secretariat as his own and personally did his own work without any secretary. He sat in the Murat Palace with his wife, his doctor and two stenographers, attending personally to thousands of unimportant matters that should never have been allowed to occupy his attention or his scant supply of physical strength. The confusion in his papers and his mind became appalling.

Nevertheless, he believed during his first weeks in Europe that he was about to give the world the perfect peace he had promised. He was received by all the peoples of Europe as a savior. To the adulation of France and England was added the adoration of Italy, where peasants were burning candles in front of his picture, and the desperate faith of Germany.

Wilson spent three happy weeks showing himself to adoring Europeans, and his confidence in himself and his mission increased. In Buckingham Palace, he made an address in which he referred regally to the citizens of the United States as "my people." In Milan, the screaming worship of the crowd passed into delirium. It is not remarkable that he returned from his travels convinced that the peoples of Europe would rise and follow him even against their own governments.

HE RETURNED to Paris on January 7, 1919, eager to get to work. But no program had been agreed upon. Wilson personally had rejected the logical French program because it made the League of Nations the last question to be considered by the Conference; and he wished the League of Nations to be established before the peace terms were discussed. He insisted on giving the guarantee of the United States for the peace before agreement on any term of the peace. He explained his preference for this procedure to House on December 14, 1918, saying that he intended "making the League of Nations the centre of the whole programme and letting everything revolve around that. Once that is a *fait accompli*, nearly

all the very serious difficulties will disappear."

By guaranteeing the peace terms before he knew that they were fair and satisfactory and ought to be perpetuated, he risked the possibility that at the end of the Conference, he would find that he had pledged the United States to maintain terms that were unfair and ought not to be perpetuated, and had thereby made certain the involvement of the American people in the future wars that might be expected to arise from unfair settlements. Moreover, by guaranteeing the peace in advance, he handed to the statesmen of the Allies one of his strongest diplomatic cards. The ultimate hope of Lloyd George, Clemenceau and Vittorio Orlando was to obtain the guarantee of the United States for the annexations they expected to make. On January 7, 1919, when House pointed out to Clemenceau, who was ready to accept a League but was skeptical as to its value, that he could get the boundaries of France guaranteed by the United States by way of a League of Nations, Clemenceau became the advocate of a much stronger League than either the British or Wilson wanted. If Wilson had stuck to the point of view that he had repeatedly expressed, that a trustee for the American people could in honor ask them to guarantee the peace only "if the final territorial agreements of the Peace Conference are fair and satisfactory and *ought* to be perpetuated," the wish of the leaders of the Allies to obtain the guarantee of the United States would have been an influence in favor of fair terms. But with the guarantee of the United States given in advance, they felt free to insist on their extreme terms. Wilson believed that making "safety antedate the peace" would give the statesmen assembled in Paris such a feeling of security and brotherhood that he could lead them to treat all nations in the spirit of the Sermon on the Mount, and that "all the very serious difficulties would disappear." Yet the conversion of Lloyd George, Clemenceau and Orlando was so doubtful that we must suspect that Wilson's reason was acting again in the service of his libido and that his real motives were in his unconscious.

On July 21, 1917, Wilson had written to House, "*England and France have not the same views with regard to peace that we have* by any means. When the war is over, we can force them to our way of thinking because by that time they will, among other things, be financially in our hands. . . ." The war was over. All the Allies were financially in his hands. His stern cable at the time of the Armistice negotiations had made it seem certain that when he reached Paris, he would say to Lloyd George, Clemenceau and Orlando: Gentlemen, I have come here to make peace on the basis of my Fourteen Points and on no other basis. Those points must be interpreted in a spirit of the most impartial justice. If you attempt to break your word and evade your obligations under the Armistice agreement, I will under no conditions bind the people of the United States to guarantee the peace you make and thus involve them in the future wars an evil peace will ensure. I will withdraw from the Conference, publicly denounce you as the enemies of permanent peace, cut off the financial and economic assistance of the United States that alone is enabling you to live, make a separate peace on just terms with Germany and leave you to face the peoples of your respective countries who want a just and permanent peace whether you want it or not.

At some time between the Armistice negotiations and his arrival in Paris, he decided to fight for the peace he wanted not with these masculine weapons but with the weapons of femininity, not with force but with persuasion. All the Allied nations were living on supplies and credits from America. But to use those powerful economic and financial weapons involved a fight of precisely the sort he had never made and could not make in person, unless compelled to by his reaction-formation against his passivity to his father.

He had never dared to have a fistfight in his life. All his fighting had been done with his mouth. When he had sent his strong cable to House, he had been in the White House, far from the field of battle. Isolated in that comfortable citadel, he could thunder like Jehovah; but when he personally approached battle, the deep underlying femininity of his nature began to control him, and he discovered that he did not want to fight the Allies with force. He wanted to convert them to righteousness by paraphrases of the Sermon on the Mount. As a statesman in Paris, he was the true son of the Rev. Joseph Ruggles Wilson, overwhelmed by his passivity to his father.

He felt himself about to draw up a constitution for a debating club to be called the League of Nations, and pictured himself taking the floor in a brotherly assembly at the Peace Conference to "lead the weaker nations" against the stronger powers. The professors of the Inquiry would tell him what was right, and in debate, he would fight for it. He would overcome by his words all opposition and lead the world to lasting peace and himself to immortality. Unfortunately, his belief that, once the League was a *fait accompli*, nearly all the serious difficulties would disappear had no basis in reality, but only a source in his unconscious. The statesmen assembled in Paris soon came to realize that the League had become to Wilson a sacred thing, a part of himself, his title to immortality, his law; that he could not bring himself to withdraw his guarantee of the peace no matter what terms they demanded; and that they could themselves use the League as a weapon against him by telling him that he would lose the League unless he accepted their terms.

WILSON, HAVING convinced himself that once the League of Nations was established all shadows would disappear in a sunrise of Christian love, faced military, economic and territorial problems of the Conference by turning his back to them. On January 24, 1919, he was compelled to face an unpleasant reality. Lloyd George said that he opposed the return to Germany of any of her colonies. Point Five of Wilson's Fourteen Points, which the British Empire had accepted, read: "A free, open-minded, and absolutely impartial adjustment of all colonial claims, based upon a strict observance of the principle that in determining all such questions of sovereignty the interests of the populations concerned must have equal weight with the equitable claims of the government whose title is to be determined." Wilson's reply was awaited with acute anxiety. It would indicate the manner

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in which he intended to battle for his Fourteen Points. "President Wilson said that he thought all were agreed to oppose the restoration of the German Colonies."

Thus, there was no battle. With this sentence, Germany lost her colonies, and Wilson began his march down to the Treaty of Versailles.

Lloyd George, emboldened by Wilson's failure to fight, then made a more audacious advance. "He would like the Conference to treat the territories as part of the Dominions which had captured them." This was too much for Wilson. He had made the great concession that the colonies should be taken away from Germany; but he could not bring himself to concede that they had already been annexed by the British Empire. He insisted that a moral veil called mandate should be drawn over the face of each annexation.

This was the only concrete problem of the peace terms that Wilson faced before his return to America on February 15, 1919. He conceded the main point without question, and he refused to concede a point of minor importance because he felt that annexation could not be reconciled with words he had used in his speeches and might endanger the League of Nations.

Just before his departure, he read to a plenary session of the Peace Conference the Covenant of the League of Nations. He was a very happy man. He was sure that the Covenant meant lasting peace for the whole world. He concluded his speech, "Many terrible things have come out of this war, gentlemen, but some very beautiful things have come out of it. Wrong has been defeated, but the rest of the world has been more conscious than it ever was before of the majesty of right. People that were suspicious of one another can now live as friends and comrades in a single family, and desire to do so. The miasma of distrust, of intrigue is cleared away. Men are looking eye to eye and saying, 'We are brothers and have a common purpose. We did not realize before, but we do realize it, and this is our covenant of fraternity and friendship.' " He believed that the mere existence of the piece of paper he held in his hands established the Brotherhood of Man.

On the evening of Wilson's departure, House recorded in his diary: "The President bade me a fervent good-bye, clasping my hand and placing his arm around me. . . . He looked happy, as well, indeed, he should." That was the last time Wilson ever placed his arm around House.

Floods of words have been devoted to explanations of the death of Wilson's love for House. On the one hand, the second Mrs. Wilson is depicted as a sort of female demon who destroyed a beautiful friendship; on the other hand, House is depicted as a Judas who conspired to cut the League of Nations out of the treaty of peace while Wilson was in America. The explanations that lie between these extremes usually conclude feebly that the matter is a tragic mystery. Examination of the facts convinces us, however, that Mrs. Wilson was no female demon, that House was no Judas and that the matter is no mystery.

Wilson's dependence on House's advice was enormous, and he was at least partially conscious of the benefits he received from House's services; but the foundation of Wilson's love for House was the fact that in his unconscious, House represented little [illegible]

his father [illegible] recreate in his unconscious his relationship to his own "incomparable father," and in the person of House, to receive from himself the love he wanted and could no longer get from his own father.

He had another important outlet for this desire—his unconscious identification with Jesus Christ; but a younger, smaller man to love was essential to his happiness.

In 1916, when Wilson believed that House had prepared the way of the Lord and made his path straight, his love for the Colonel was intense. House had promised Wilson that he could play "the noblest part that has ever come to a son of man," that he could save mankind. House was responsible for both his hope and his disappointment. He began to find House irritating and fell into an extraordinarily bad temper with everyone on earth except his wife.

Once before, in his unconscious, Wilson had regarded himself as the Only Begotten Son of God and had been disappointed. His brother Joe had burst into the world and destroyed his unique position. The substitution of House for the original disappointer and betrayer was doubtless the original factor in the eventual destruction of Wilson's love for House.

Wilson was encouraged to diminish the intensity of his love for House by the quiet influence of his wife. She resented the growing belief in America that her husband's thoughts and actions originated in the brain of House.

House's son-in-law, unfortunately, was in the habit of talking about Wilson in a most disparaging manner, referring to him as "Little Woody" and spreading the impression that House controlled Wilson's actions. Mrs. Wilson began to believe that House encouraged his subordinates to talk disparagingly about her husband in order to make himself appear the great man of America.

House, in point of fact, was as self-effacing as ever, and Wilson invited him to take his place in the Council of Ten during his absence in America, to work out with the representatives of the Allies the terms of a preliminary peace.

At the morning meeting of the Supreme War Council of February 12, 1919, Wilson strongly supported a British proposal that "the final naval and military terms of peace" should be drawn up as soon as possible and imposed on Germany. Clemenceau objected that the strictly military terms would depend on the political, economic and financial terms. At the afternoon meeting, Wilson argued that Clemenceau's objection could be overcome by reducing Germany's armed forces to the extreme conceivable limit: "the amount of armed force required by Germany to maintain internal order and to keep down Bolshevism."

Clemenceau, quick to see the advantage to France in the proposal, but apparently aware, as he had been in the morning, that a treaty of peace —whether or not labeled "preliminary"—would make peace, and still determined to include political, economic and financial terms, said that he was prepared to accept Wilson's proposal; "before doing so, however, he would like more precise information on certain points. . . . Though the report of the experts might be received in a short time, he would not like to discuss a matter of such importance in the absence of President Wilson."

Wilson [illegible] Clemenceau [illegible]

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him an undeserved compliment. In technical matters, most of the brains he used were borrowed: The possessors of these brains were in Paris. He would, therefore, go away with an easy mind if he thought that his plan had been adopted in principle . . . he would . . . leave it to his colleagues to decide whether the programme drafted by the technical advisers was the right one. . . ."

Wilson had in mind three distinct states of international relations: "armistice," "preliminary peace," "ultimate peace." And it is obvious that he had overlooked the fact that a treaty of peace, whether labeled preliminary or not, makes peace and must be ratified by the Senate in order to bind the United States. On February 14, he specified to House the subjects that should be included in this treaty—and his list did not include the League.

During those weeks in Paris, he had worked harder than he had ever worked in his life. He was not used to hard work. When he boarded the *George Washington*, he was close to physical and nervous collapse; and his mental condition may be judged from his self-deception in the matter of the preliminary treaty.

The tired President on the *George Washington* began to hear unpleasant stories about his friend House. He was told that House's son-in-law had said, "The Colonel is well again, so now Little Woody's batting average will begin to improve." Wilson was susceptible to tittle-tattle, and he could not treat the story with the contempt it deserved. Moreover, the remark cut close to the truth.

Wilson had the evidence gathered by his own eyes and ears to prove that House was still his quiet, self-effacing, subordinate friend, the perfect little Tommy Wilson; but, impressed by the story, he began to think that perhaps House behind his back was conducting quite different. He no doubt recalled that House had told him that he planned to "button up everything during the next four weeks," and he perhaps remembered that House had advised him not to come to Europe at all. For the first time, House began to resemble little Joe Wilson, the deceiver, rival and betrayer, more than little Tommy Wilson.

Shortly after Wilson reached the United States, Henry Cabot Lodge announced that 37 senators had pledged to vote against ratification of the Covenant of the League of Nations. Wilson replied, "When that treaty comes back, gentlemen on this side will find the Covenant not only in it, but so many threads of the treaty tied to the Covenant that you cannot dissect the Covenant from the treaty without destroying the whole vital structure." By entwining the League and the treaty, he hoped to make Lodge hated as the opponent of a speedy return to peace and to compel Lodge to accept the League. But he overlooked the fact that House, loyally carrying out his orders, was working hard in Paris to get ready a treaty that would reduce Wilson's threat to wind.

When he returned to Europe on March 14, House horrified him by making a casual remark about the preliminary treaty that did not include the League of Nations. Wilson did not recall that he had overlooked the League when he had ordered House to prepare a preliminary treaty. He felt that House had robbed him of his weapon against Lodge. House had tried to rob him of his title to immortality! House could be no one else than Judas Iscariot.

At the same time, Wilson accepted with enthusiasm a piece of advice House gave him: the suggestion that he should settle the terms of peace in secret conversations with Lloyd George, Clemenceau and Orlando, in spite of his advocacy of "open covenants of peace, openly arrived at." The President met the English and French leaders, determined to convert them to righteousness or, if they would not be converted, to wield the weapons of Jehovah, to withdraw the financial support of the United States, to leave the Conference and to denounce them as the enemies of mankind.

That Wilson, on March 14, 1919, was determined to use these masculine weapons rather than submit to an evil peace is certain. But there are many sorts of determination, and only one variety may be relied on: a determination that draws strength from some great flow of libido, like Wilson's determination when facing Lodge. Determination that springs from the Super-Ego is often as powerless as the determination of the habitual drunkard to abandon drink. From all Wilson's words and acts during the Peace Conference, it is clear that his determination to fight, under certain circumstances, sprang from his reluctance to betray the promises he had made to the peoples of the world, that is to say, from his Super-Ego, and from his inability to admit that he was not the Savior of the World, that is to say, from his need to identify himself with Jesus Christ in order to preserve that outlet for his passivity to his father. But passivity to the father may also find deep satisfaction in complete submission to a masculine opponent. The Savior with whom Wilson had identified himself had saved the world by complete submission to the will of His Father. Wilson needed only to discover some rationalization that would permit him both to compromise and to remain in his own belief the Savior of the World.

Rarely in human history has the future course of world events depended so greatly on one human being as it depended on Wilson in the month that followed his return to Paris. He began to battle for the peace he had promised mankind by making the most extraordinary concession he had ever made. "In a moment of enthusiasm," he had agreed to make a treaty of alliance guaranteeing that the United States would immediately go to war on the side of France in case France was attacked by Germany. He did this in a desperate desire to conduct the peace negotiations in an atmosphere of Christian love and to avoid having to use the weapons of Jehovah. He forgot entirely the deep feeling of the American people and the Senate against "entangling alliances" and his own conviction that alliances with European powers were contrary to the interests of the American people. His offer was the gesture of a woman who says: "I submit utterly to your wishes, now be kind to me. Respond to my submission by an equal concession."

The next morning, Wilson issued an amazing pronouncement, in which he treated the preliminary treaty he had ordered as if it were the product of an "intrigue" against him. He did not mention the real cause of his opposition to the preliminary treaty. He did not say that it would unquestionably have been ratified and that the weapon by which he hoped to force Lodge to swallow the League would have been stricken from his hands.

It is difficult not to see in these monstrous reactions evidence of the divorce from reality that

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was beginning to characterize Wilson's mental life. He was rapidly nearing that psychological point from which few travelers return, the land in which friends betray and in which an asylum chair may be the throne of God.

AFTER MARCH 14, 1919, Wilson met Clemenceau and Lloyd George daily, alone, in secret conference; and, in the words of Mr. Baker, "set his teeth and struggled manfully by sheer logic and appeal to higher motives to move Clemenceau from his position, to convince him that these military devices would never secure to France what she really wanted and that there were better—not only more just but more practical—ways of securing the future of France." There is but one word in the above description that seems somewhat inaccurate: The word "manfully" should perhaps read "femininely."

It is difficult to admire the strategy and tactics employed by the President of the United States in his struggle to achieve the peace he had promised to the world; but it is impossible not to sympathize with the tired, ill human being who, clinging to his belief that his Almighty Father had sent him to give the world a just and lasting peace, wasted his ebbing strength in exhortations addressed to Clemenceau and Lloyd George. Wilson, after all, stood for human decency. He stood weakly for human decency, but he stood where it is an honor to stand.

His distrust of House had cut him off from intimacy with the only close friend he had. His need for an intimate who believed in his mission was intense. Wilson turned to emotional George D. Herron, who had written of his likeness to Christ.

By the evening of March 27, it was obvious that unless he was ready to accept the terms of Lloyd George and Clemenceau, he would have to use the masculine weapons that he had so long refused to use. At the moment when the fate of the world hung on his personal character, he could not find in his body the courage to fight. His only source of masculine courage, his reaction-formation against his passivity to his father, was turned not against the leaders of the Allies but against Lodge. Yet he could not frankly compromise. He hung on, hoping and praying to God his Father that he might still win by talking like Christ. The conflict between his determination to fight and his fear had made him little Tommy Wilson again—little Tommy Wilson, weak, sickly, with his spectacles, headaches and sour stomach, who did not dare to play with the tough boys in the Augusta streets, who felt out of life, alone and without a friend.

Through the early morning hours of April 4, Wilson writhed in his bed, vomiting, coughing, giving out profuse diarrhea and bloody urine, pain shooting from his swollen prostate and the neuritis in his left shoulder, fighting for breath, his face haggard, its left side and his left eye twitching. But the torment in his body at that moment was perhaps less terrible to him than the torment in his mind. He faced alternatives both of which were horrible to him. He could break his promises and become the tool of the Allies, not the Prince of Peace, or he could hold to his promises, withdraw the financial support of the United States from Europe, [illegible] return to Washington and leave Europe to—what?

He shrank from the possible consequences of wielding his masculine weapons. One threat to leave France to face Germany alone might have brought Clemenceau to compromise; one crack of his financial whip might have brought Lloyd George to heel. But the sick man feared that his withdrawal would result in an immediate renewal of war in Europe, that starving French armies would dictate in the end a peace far worse than the peace he faced; he feared that such events might produce a revolutionary movement so vast that the whole continent of Europe would succumb to Bolshevism. He hated and feared Communists far more deeply than he hated and feared militarists. And worst of all, the League would be established without him. He would deprive himself of his title to immortality.

On April 6, Wilson decided that unless Clemenceau and Lloyd George, within a few days, actually agreed to terms that accorded with their pledges, he would either go home or would insist on their making their proposals in the open so that he could combat them in the open and turn the opinion of the world against them. Again he hoped that he would not have to use the masculine weapons he had put aside but would be able to indulge his preference for that very feminine weapon, the mouth. On that same Sunday, April 6, Adm. Cary Grayson, at the request of one of the authors of this volume, attempted to obtain a decision from Wilson on the Soviet Government's proposal for peace, which was to expire on April 10. Wilson, whose "one-track mind" was fully occupied by Germany, said that he had turned over the question to House to handle and refused to bother personally about peace in and with Russia.

Lenin had offered to make an immediate armistice on all fronts and to accord de facto recognition to the anti-Communist governments that had been set up in the following areas of the territory of the former Russian Empire: (1) Finland, (2) Murmansk-Archangel, (3) Estonia, (4) Latvia, (5) Lithuania, (6) Poland, (7) the western part of White Russia, (8) Rumania, including Bessarabia, (9) more than half the Ukraine, (10) the Crimea, (11) the Caucasus, (12) Georgia, (13) Armenia, (14) Azerbaijan, (15) the whole of the Urals, (16) all Siberia.

Thus, Lenin had offered to confine Communist rule to Moscow and a small adjacent area, plus the city now known as Leningrad. As a Communist, Lenin naturally expected to expand the area of Communist rule whenever he could safely, regardless of any promises he might have made. Yet by reducing the Communist state to an area not much larger than that ruled by the first Russian dictator to call himself Czar—Ivan the Terrible—Lenin had offered the West a unique opportunity to prevent Communist conquest by force of adjacent areas.

It is not impossible that Wilson's refusal to burden his "one-track mind" with Russia may well, in the end, turn out to be the most important single decision that he made in Paris.

It is difficult to believe that Wilson had any other idea on the evening of April 7, 1919, than to [illegible] rather than to compromise further. But we [illegible] how often he had [illegible] compromised. And we may be shocked but not

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surprised to note that, on the afternoon of April 8, [illegible] the Prime Ministers of France and Italy after his illness and yielded to their demands, accepting the reparations settlement that wrecked the economic life of Europe. Thenceforth, Wilson's descent into the Treaty of Versailles was rapid.

It had become clear that, unless the Monroe Doctrine should be specifically exempted from review by the League of Nations, the Senate of the United States would not ratify the treaty. Wilson had to ask for amendment to the Covenant. The British and French made it clear that he would not get the amendment unless he should promise the British to limit the American fleet and agree to the peace terms of both Britain and France. On April 8, he accepted the reparations terms of Lloyd George and Clemenceau; on April 9 and 10, he compromised in the matter of the Saar and the American fleet; on April 11, he got his Monroe Doctrine amendment; on April 15, he accepted Clemenceau's demands with regard to the occupation of the Rhine.

To record the details of the compromises Wilson made in the remainder of the month seems unnecessary. The Treaty of Versailles was delivered to the Germans on May 7. Most Americans had been whipped by propaganda into an exaggerated hatred of Germany so that the severity of the treaty was congenial to them. But most Americans were also opposed to "European entanglements"; and since the League, an integral part of the treaty, was regarded as entangling the United States somehow in European squabbles, there was a strong feeling against ratification even among Americans who did not object to the terms.

THE FEW AMERICANS who knew enough about international affairs to be able to visualize the political and economic consequences of the peace were heartily opposed to the treaty. Even among the members of the American delegation in Paris, criticism of the treaty was widespread and violent. On May 17, 1919, one of the authors of this volume resigned from the American delegation and inaugurated a public attack on the treaty.

He wrote to Wilson: "Our Government has consented now to deliver the suffering peoples of the world to new oppressions, subjections, and dismemberments—a new century of war . . . the duty of the Government of the United States to its own people and to mankind is to refuse to sign or ratify this unjust treaty, to refuse to guarantee its settlements by entering the League of Nations, to refuse to entangle the United States further by the understanding with France. . . . It is my conviction that if you had made your fight in the open, instead of behind closed doors, you would have carried with you the public opinion of the world, which was yours; you would have been able to resist the pressure and might have established the 'new international order based upon broad and universal principles of right and justice' of which you used to speak. I am sorry that you . . . had so little faith in the millions of men, like myself, in every nation who had faith in you."

"Very sincerely yours, William C. Bullitt."

Wilson did not reply.

By June, 1919, Wilson was tired of the whole dirty business and anxious only to get the treaty signed as soon as possible, so that he could return to America and get it ratified by the Senate and [illegible] and more nervous and sour-tempered than he had ever been in his life. His hatred and loathing of nearly all mankind, which must have been at bottom a hatred and loathing of himself, had reached a fantastic pitch. And the hatred that he had not dared to loose against either Clemenceau or Lloyd George burst against Raymond Poincaré, president of the French Republic, who, on the occasion of Wilson's arrival in France, had made him feel inferior by speaking better without notes than Wilson had been able to speak with notes. He refused to attend the farewell dinner that Poincaré wished to give him.

On June 24, House recorded in his diary: "The matter had become so serious that Poincaré called a meeting of the Council of State. . . . He [Wilson] has made every sort of foolish excuse to Jusserand [the French ambassador to the United States], such as 'I am leaving immediately after the peace is signed and would not have time to partake of a dinner, since the train is to leave at 9 o'clock in the evening.' Jusserand sent word that French officials were running the French trains and that the President's special train would not leave until after the dinner was over. The President . . . said he had no notion of eating with Poincaré, that he would choke if he sat at the table with him. . . ."

The following day, House wrote: "He completely capitulated as far as the Poincaré dinner was concerned. . . . The episode was a revelation to everyone excepting myself of something in his character which had not been seen before. It accounted to them for his many enemies. Although he finally goes to the dinner, Poincaré will never forgive his having forced upon him such an unpleasant situation."

On June 28, House talked with Wilson for the last time in his life, and the next day recorded in his diary: "I urged him to meet the Senate in a conciliatory spirit; if he treated them with the same consideration he had used with his foreign colleagues here, all would be well. In reply he said, 'House, I have found one can never get anything in this life that is worth while without fighting for it!'" To find outlet for his reaction-formation against his passivity to his father, he had to meet Lodge with uncompromising hatred. But he also had to obtain ratification of the treaty by the Senate in order to maintain the rationalization that preserved his identification with Christ. His psychic needs left but one course of action open. He had to obtain ratification by crushing Lodge.

Wilson's progress to mental and physical collapse in the three months that separated his signature of the Treaty of Versailles on June 28, 1919, from his breakdown of September 26, 1919, may be followed by the perusal of his public utterances.

He invited the members of the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations to meet him at the White House on August 19. In answering questions, he revealed an extraordinary mental disintegration. He testified that he knew nothing about the secret treaties before reaching Paris for the Peace Conference. The fact is that Wilson was in-

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formed of the existence of the secret treaties in 1917, if not before. One is left with no alternative but to conclude that the latter was something he actually had forgotten. To realize that he had incorporated many terms of the secret treaties in the treaty that he had presented to the world as the embodiment of his Fourteen Points would have been unendurable to him. Repression of the fact that the existence of the secret treaties had been disclosed to him was no doubt strengthened by his unconscious wish to believe himself the victim of a conspiracy—Jesus Christ betrayed.

AFTER THIS MEETING, his physical condition grew worse; he suffered daily headaches and became intensely nervous. But he decided, in spite of the objections of his physician, his wife and his secretary, to tour America, appealing to the people to support him in his fight for the treaty—his fight against Lodge. In August, he decided to lay down his life, if necessary, to save the same treaty that in April he had almost decided to lay down his life, if necessary, to destroy.

Wilson's trip to the West in September, 1919, was the supreme expression of the neurosis that controlled his life. On September 5, he stated: "The real reason that the war we have just finished took place was that Germany was afraid her commercial rivals were getting the better of her."

Less than 24 hours later, at Des Moines, Iowa, he stated: "The businessmen of Germany did not want the war that we have passed through. The bankers and manufacturers and the merchants knew that it was unspeakable folly. Why? Because Germany, by her industrial genius, was beginning to dominate the world economically, and all she had to do was to wait." That one mind could produce these two statements within 24 hours indicates merely that the mind was falling more and more under control of the unconscious, in which contradictions may exist happily side by side, since desire, not reason, is omnipotent. On September 15, he said: "I am glad for one to have lived to see this day. . . . I seem suddenly to see the culmination of American hope and history—all the orators seeing their dreams realized, if their spirits are looking on; all the men who spoke the noblest sentiments for America heartened with the sight of a great nation responding to and acting upon those dreams and saying, 'At last, the world knows America as the savior of the world!'" It is difficult to avoid the impression that at that moment, poor little Tommy Wilson's need for the approval of his incomparable father produced the fantasy that the Rev. Joseph Ruggles Wilson was leaning over the gold bar of heaven and saying, "At last the world knows, as I have always known, that my Tommy is the Savior of the World."

On September 25, he collapsed. It was obvious to Admiral Grayson that if he should continue the tour, he would die. Wilson said he preferred to continue the tour. He did not say, but we may say for him, Don't you see that if you cancel this trip, I will not die for mankind, I will not be Christ, I will not conquer my father, I will not be God? They canceled the trip. Wilson returned to the White House. Three days later, at four o'clock in the morning, he fell on the floor of his bathroom, his left side paralyzed by thrombosis in the right side of his brain. He was driven to destruction by the old conflict he had never been able to solve, the conflict between his activity toward his father and his [illegible]

In the end, he was destroyed by the same incomparable father who created him.

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A FOREIGN-AFFAIRS SCHOLAR VIEWS

THE REAL WOODROW WILSON

BY ALLEN W. DULLES

IF THIS BOOK—a psychological study of Woodrow Wilson by Sigmund Freud and William C. Bullitt—had not been written, I would certainly wish that it should not be written. It is not "the whole truth and nothing but the truth."

The book *is* written, the decision has been made to publish it, and it will be widely read here and abroad. I have not been asked to pass judgment on the decision to publish it, but rather to comment on the book as I have seen it in galley proofs and as adapted for LOOK Magazine.

My views have been sought because I am one of the rapidly dwindling group of people who, in their adult life, knew Wilson personally. I entered Princeton during his presidency there, and I viewed at firsthand the Wilson-West controversy that shook the calm of the Princeton campus. I believed that Wilson was right in his program for Princeton. In this, he had the support of a majority of the student body.

The authors have described Wilson, at about the time he became president of Princeton, as an ugly, unhealthy, "intense" Presbyterian, with a neurotic constitution and with little interest in the amenities of life; a man who overdevoted his energies to speechmaking and phrasemaking. Yet during his Princeton days, the students considered him the most popular teacher there, and a student body is not easily taken in by pretense.

One of my most distinguished contemporaries at Princeton, prominent today in the field of letters, recently described to me a Sunday evening supper with Woodrow Wilson and his family at their home in Princeton when Wilson was in his fifties. "He was," my friend said, "the civilized and attractive sort of man that you would wish every American professor could be." The authors' descriptions of Wilson are the conclusions of one man who never knew him personally and of another who had bitterly repudiated him. Certainly, it does not describe the Wilson I knew.

I saw Wilson in action during the 1919 Paris Peace Conference. As a member of the American delegation, I was one of those who, in 1918, brought George D. Herron to Wilson as an adviser, and I was close to Wilson on his day of triumph when he presented the Covenant of the League of Nations to a plenary session of the Conference.

The gap between us in age and position was such that I make no claim to have been a confidant of President Wilson. I admired him from the Princeton days. As a teacher, he had the warm quality of imparting knowledge without seeming to be lecturing the student. He had his shortcomings, but he was a man of great vision and idealism, tragically handicapped in many moments of crisis by illness even before he finally was struck down in September, 1919. In fact, he never was himself after a heavy attack of the flu in April, 1919.

Bullitt and Freud feel that one does not need to apologize for employing analytic methods in a psychological study concerned with the deeper psychic facts. However, one may question, and I do, whether such a "psychological study," made in the case of Freud at secondhand, without personal knowledge of his subject, gives a balanced view.

Freud admits that "a more intimate knowledge of a man may lead to a more exact estimate of his achievements." In this study, great areas of Wilson's thought and actions, and his dynamic idealism, are passed over in silence. Certainly, I would hope that this book would not initiate a series of biographies based on posthumous psychiatric studies of our departed great.

The authors portray Wilson, as he prepared for the Peace Conference, as astonishingly ignorant of European affairs outside of Britain. The facts are that Wilson was keenly aware of the great range of problems that would face our peace negotiators, and as early as 1917 selected a group of outstanding American academicians, scholars and publicists to form an organization called "the Inquiry" to advise on problems of the Peace Conference. Included were Charles Seymour, later president of Yale; Isaiah Bowman, America's leading geographer; and Walter Lippmann. Many others outside the academic field and the Inquiry were available to the President and the peace delegation before and at Paris. Among them were Herbert Hoover, Bernard Baruch, Norman Davis and Thomas Lamont. Thus Wilson, in a unique initiative, evidenced his determination that our peace negotiators should have the most expert advisers the United States could offer. It is true that political and other pressures sometimes overrode the advice of the experts, but with the establishment of the Inquiry, it is misleading to suggest that the President and his advisers at the Conference were acting in ignorance of the basic facts of world politics and geography.

Freud, in his Introduction, appeals to the reader not to reject the book "as a product of prejudice." He admits that both authors started out with strong emotions but exposed those emotions to "a thorough subjugation." I still find a deep note of bitterness in this book. From his introduction, I gather Freud felt there was something sinister about the Wilsonian influence on the life of the Europe that he, Freud, had known. Freud certainly viewed the collapse of the peace, which he apparently attributed to Wilson's influence, as destructive of the Europe that he cherished. "His *intrusion* into our destiny," Freud calls it. But history tells us that the Allies sought in every way to bring about American entry into the war and its settlement to save Europe from the evil of Ger-

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man militarism. Freud calls it an "intrusion." Certainly, there is bitterness in that offensive word.

During the days preceding the 1918 Armistice and the Paris Peace Conference, I had worked with Bullitt in assembling for Wilson the material on which his Fourteen Points were based. I also saw Bullitt often during his stay at the Conference. Bullitt is a man who espoused causes and individuals and then turned from them abruptly and with real passion. In fact, he had certain of the characteristics that he imputes to Wilson.

Bullitt's letter of resignation gives a clue to his motivation in trying to destroy the treaty, and shows us his true feelings toward Wilson. At that time, Bullitt was prepared to go to any extreme against the treaty he despised. This bitterness, I believe, still persists, and in his book, Bullitt is still fighting the shadow of the Treaty of Versailles in demeaning its chief architect, Woodrow Wilson.

There is a further clue to Bullitt's attitude in the brief reference to the Bullitt mission to the Soviet Union during the Paris Peace Conference. I saw him before he started on the Russian trip and also upon his return to Paris in April, 1919, just at the time Wilson was stricken with influenza. I can understand Bullitt's great disappointment, and even anger, at the President's refusal to talk with him or to consider his report, possibly not realizing that Wilson was a very sick man. Quite naturally, Bullitt felt that it had been a considerable accomplishment to secure from Lenin a series of proposals that, if they had turned out to be sincere, might have helped, Bullitt believed, toward a better understanding between Moscow and the West. It was human to believe this and to be bitter as he saw the frustration of the mission that he had carried out, despite considerable obstacles and real dangers. Bullitt, I feel, has neither forgotten this rebuff nor forgiven Wilson for it.

Each author appears to me to be a man bitter toward Woodrow Wilson and, as over long years they worked together on this book—as described in the Foreword by Bullitt and the Introduction by Freud—undoubtedly the bitterness of the one played on that of the other, the result we see.

When the biography of any man is bred in bitterness, it is likely to be out of focus. Wilson had his frailties, and Freud's study perhaps helps us to understand their emotional origins, but the total picture of a great figure in our history is blurred. During much of the period of this battle over ratification, Wilson was a very sick man and, at times, completely unable to do any work. In this situation, stubbornness became a protective shield. No man should be judged on the basis of actions taken while stricken with illness.

I find missing in the Freud-Bullitt book any recognition of Wilson's great conception of a League of Nations. Faulty as the League Covenant was in some respects, it yet represented at the time the world's best hope for bringing the victorious and vanquished powers together in the common task of ensuring peace. The failure of the treaty led directly to the frustrations and bitterness that contributed to bringing about the tragedy of World War II. Maybe Wilson's concept of a League of Nations could not have succeeded in the postwar atmosphere, but it should have been tried.

As I am charging others with prejudice, I must admit my own. The admiration I first gained for Wilson as an inspiring teacher during my Princeton days undoubtedly colors my own thoughts today and contributes to my conclusion that the Freud-Bullitt account greatly overstresses the frailties and complexes of the man and ignores his aspiration to raise international relations to a higher moral level. Over the years, his vision has motivated men to strive for better things. The attack on Wilson in this book, if accepted, would undermine belief in the ideal of a world at peace for which Wilson fought but so tragically failed to realize. There is all too little idealism in the world today; we can ill afford to see it further weakened by, what is in my judgment, an ill-founded attack on the character of one of our great idealists.

END